

void is created! On any human estimate, he was absolutely necessary to it. We are even tempted to say that his place cannot be filled. None but the Divine Master can interpose. On him, above all other men, not only the future of our Mission but the evangelisation of France seemed to depend. For this he was ready to "spend and be spent." Why should he be cut down in his prime—he who was so singularly qualified, so wholly devoted? Why should a standard-bearer be thus removed here, where there are so few valiant men to cope with the host of atheistic adversaries? We can but be "dumb with silence, because the Lord has done it."

From the hour of his arrival in Paris, five years ago, he evidenced unreserved devotion. We at once perceived that he had given his whole heart and being to the enterprise; and the entire remnant of his brief career far more than realised that promise.

Highly gifted as a student, remarkably quick in the attainment of languages, he speedily rose to a rare proficiency in that of his adopted country. He became quite a master of French speaking; and the charm of his utterance in our meetings was attested by the marked attention he gained even from persons at first careless or prejudiced. To this was added the higher gifts of sacred power by which his words, as God's own message, found their way to the heart. He was ever yearning after the salvation of his hearers. Not only by his public addresses, but in dealing with individuals, he laboured incessantly to win souls to Christ.

And while fulfilling this directly spiritual ministry, he largely shared with us the administrative cares of our extensive work, and had much to do with planting and watching over many of its branches in other French towns. He was rapidly becoming known all over France; and his rising influence was felt far and wide as a power on the side of the Gospel. He had come to be greatly prized and loved not only throughout the little band of British and American Christian workers here, but by the French pastors and Christians in Paris and elsewhere. In the American Churches, from the time of his visit in company with his attached friend Monsieur Réveillaud, his name had become a household word.

Towards the director of the mission he ever manifested a

faithful and tender regard, which caused our hearts to be closely knit together in a sacred affection, so that the happy memories of five years of daily intercourse and co-operation measure the intensity of the pang caused by his removal.

The place he had come to possess in the grateful love of the people for whom he laboured was attested by the large numbers who broke from their daily occupations, and crowded from the most distant parts of the city to his funeral. Many were the tears shed; and we have reason to believe that those tears were connected, in not a few instances, with personal surrender to Christ.

Thousands of hearts are drawn forth in fervent prayer for the widow and her little children, for the venerated father and father-in-law of our beloved colleague, and for all the bereaved relatives.

Dear friends in Britain and in America, who have evidenced so deep an interest in our effort to spread the Gospel in this dark land, will you not "strive together with us in prayer to God for us" that a new baptism of the Holy Spirit may descend upon every worker and upon every mission station, so that the harvest, the beginnings of which gladdened the heart and fired the zeal of our friend ere he was called away, may spring forth and ripen all around us to the glory of our crucified Lord?

R. W. McALL.

AUTEUIL, PARIS, 20th September, 1882.

I would that some other hand had been asked to write these notes (supplementary to the other papers) regarding my late brother; but I cannot refuse, as doubtless there are many who may wish to know something more of his early life and its bearings on his future career than is there told.

George Theophilus Dodds was born on 2nd June, 1850, at Loches, where his father, the Rev. Thomas B. Dodds, has been minister of the Free Church of Scotland since 1843. His school-days were spent at the High School of Dundee, where he took the usual curriculum. Saturday holidays were spent mostly in long walks, during which he laid the foundation of an accurate knowledge of many branches of natural history.

From the High School he entered (in 1866) the University

of St. Andrews, where he passed through the usual course in Arts, but, owing to the state of his health, did not complete his degree as regards the mathematical part.

At both school and college he took good places, especially in Moral Philosophy and Literature, although his mind was occupied with other studies than those immediately belonging to the routine of class life.

As relaxation from work, he cultivated music and the arts, in which he delighted. At St. Andrews, as afterwards at Edinburgh, he was a leading spirit in the Students' Missionary Society.

Even in these days was displayed his marvellous capacity for work, and the enthusiasm he gave to anything he took up. The key to it was just the same then as afterwards; his early motto, sometimes affixed to his college essays, was the well-known lines—

“ I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too.

“ For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.”

The missionary spirit seemed to have been always there. We see now plainly the Divine interposition which prevented him going to India, and led him to Paris. There the natural energy which he gave to the work was soon intensified in finding the need for the preaching of the Gospel, and many burning words in the pages of this magazine testify to his entire self-surrender to it.

To give particulars of the amount of work he got through would be endless. With him work never stopped. Even on his holidays and on his visits home, he never rested in the sense of rest to others. His rest was to work hard in some other way. At Salbris he had planned to write the subjects of the Sociétés Fraternelles. At Clermont Ferrand, a branch of the Mission was founded under difficulties, the graphic description of which will be fresh in the memory of readers of the Quarterly. One visit to Lochee was wholly spent in

writing French tracts, and arranging for others to be written. The Sundays were invariably given to preaching, generally three times, and addressing a children's meeting besides. Few who heard it, will soon forget that last address in his father's church one Sabbath evening, a few months since, when, telling of the *Vaudois*, clinging through centuries of persecution to the truth and to their Bibles, he urged his hearers to do likewise.

But amid all the multitudinous business arrangements of such a Mission, the more spiritual part of the work ever held the first place. Latterly after-meetings were begun, and, again and again his letters (these invariably turned on the work), were full of the great results, and the joy these afforded him as fruits, the earnest of a great harvest. Especially during these last six weeks, notwithstanding the additional burden, entailed by the absence of Mr. McAll and M. Rouilly, the assistant director, was this the case, in founding and fostering meetings of *sociétés fraternelles*.

His co-workers little thought that the address delivered 23rd and 24th August at Rue de Rivoli and Gare D'Ivry (some may remember the latter as the British Coffee Palace at the Exhibition of 1878) would be the last. Rue de Rivoli station is open every night in the year—this fact alone arrests attention—and three weeks ago it was just as seen in 1878—full to the door. Would that friends here could see these eager crowded audiences.—What draws them there night after night?—Nothing but the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Even the light-hearted Frenchman feels his need of God. The subject was the "Christian Armour" (Eph. vi.), and Mr. Dodds announced that he would resume it on "The sword of the Spirit." And now that sword must work in other hands.

And then after the children's meeting at Grenelle, his special station, where many mourn the loss of him who led them to Christ, he spent his last evening in Paris with the honoured director of the Mission, and parted from him in bright anticipation of coming back with renewed strength to his labours, and of going in the spring time again to America, "not to return till he had made known the Mission over the length and breadth of the North American Continent."

Mr. Dodds seemed made for others to lean upon; not only the members of his family, and other friends, but his fellow-

students, can testify to this. And specially sad was it, in looking over his correspondence, and speaking to the *ouvriers* at his favourite meetings, to find many who were sustained and encouraged in their life struggles by his Christian sympathy and help. Many in his native town, in Edinburgh, and in other parts of Scotland and England, and in the great nation across the Atlantic, and last, but not least, in France, will mourn the loss of a never-failing friend. He died literally in harness, at the post of duty, and as the French doctor at Salbris said, "C'est un soldat tombé à la brèche."

We dare not say his work was unfinished, but we may regret the want of some things which would have kept his life before the eyes of men, such as a work on the *Vaudois*, the story of whose noble adherence to the Gospel had deeply touched him when in *Les Hautes Alpes* last year, and of which the bright sketch, "A Visit to Dormilhouse," lately published, shows what it would have been. And again, the "Ulfilas," the outcome of those Gothic studies which lay so near his heart, would surely have proved no mean contribution to philology. This he hoped to complete for at least two years after coming to Paris, and then it, as everything else, was surrendered to the claims of the work.

The old motto seemed to have become merged in "This one thing I do," and all his gifts (and they were many) were consecrated solely to the Master's service.

We now see (among other coincidences) that the illness to which in great part was due the relinquishing of India, was the hand of God. More we do not yet see, nor do we try to see it, but we are persuaded, and "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

And so let Mr. M^cAll and his fellow-workers take courage in their noble and successful work. God, who sent help before, will not fail them *now*.

J. D. D.

DUNDEE, 3rd October, 1882.

Recollections of a Fellow-Student.

Late in the second decade of this century, a solitary traveller, wandering through Central Asia, sought hospitality at the

mission-house in Astrakan. Received with cordial friendliness, and helped on his way by information supplied by his hosts, he has left on record the regret with which, continuing his dangerous journey, he turned finally from the merry group of playing children, and the tall, graceful lady, with the baby in her arms, who presided over their games. Among these children, gaily chattering in Russian or Tartar, were, doubtless, two girls destined, not so very many years later, to find themselves mistresses of quiet Scotch manses within twenty miles of each other. Yet, though so near, the missionaries' children never saw each other; and each heard for herself alone, in mingled joy and despair, her son's confession, "And I too, mother, would be a missionary." At last the two young men, well advanced now in their college career, met one another, and, knowing nothing of how closely their grand-parents had been connected, sought cautiously, by mutual questionings, to turn the formal drawing-room introduction to good account by discovering each other's mental whereabouts. To their mutual surprise, each found that the other was already an enthusiastic votary of his own favourite science, and, in true student style, a long walk and an eager discussion of books, prolonged till far past midnight, laid the foundation of what was to prove a lifelong friendship.

My friend was some years older than I, but, after all, not very much more advanced in his theological course. Over-devotion to study while at St. Andrews had necessitated a break in his course which he always afterwards lamented, and which, among other inconveniences, prevented his taking a university degree, an honour to which he was certainly more entitled than the majority of those who bear it. Those years of retirement he spent as a private tutor near Liverpool, in which capacity he gained the esteem and affection, not only of the family with whom he resided, but of a large circle of friends, who were attracted to him by his varied information and genial manner. With several of these he continued in intimate relationship up to the day of his death, for the missionary never forgot that he was a student and a member of society. Among the classes at the New College, that of Church History particularly interested him, but he gave much of his strength also to the study of Sanscrit and philology at the University, under Aufrecht, and

to the practical work of a town missionary in connection with the Grange congregation. In the Theological Society he frequently spoke, and was always listened to with attention ; while in the more practical Missionary Society he found congenial employment as foreign corresponding secretary, and all visitors from strange lands were sure of a warm welcome from him ; while after all so little did these varied interests divert him from a conscientious study of theology proper, that at the exit examination which closed his student career, he came out, to the satisfaction of all his compeers, third Cunningham Fellow. At this time, however, he began his studies in Gothic, which were to prove his most cherished relaxation throughout the eight busy years of his life, and by which we fondly hoped he would have wrung a lasting acknowledgment from the hands of Fame herself. But it was not to be. Among the books which strewed the little table at Le Buisson—the table beside which lay his coffin—I found the well-thumbed “Ulphilas,” never again to be opened by his eager hand.

His first visit to Paris was paid a few days after his marriage with the eldest daughter of Dr. H. Bonar. In Miss de Broën's Iron Room at Belleville he spoke first in English by translation, and then a few sentences in French, and found the effort to express himself in a foreign language so much easier than he had expected, that the question, Why don't you come over and help us permanently, sank deep into his heart, already filled with missionary ardour. He returned, however, to Scotland, and was there offered a Professorship of Philosophy in one of the Indian Missionary Colleges, but declined it, wishing to reserve himself for more direct evangelistic work. At last, in the autumn of 1877, he finally decided, after much prayer and reflection, to join Mr. M^cAll in Paris, so commencing his connection with France, which, except for his three months' visit to America in 1880, he never again left. His first year in Paris, that of the International Exhibition, was a most exhausting one, and after eighteen months' continuous labour, he felt he needed a rest, the more as he wished to be ordained to the work, and he wrote to me to come and take his place while he went home. With the presumption of a newly-fledged apprentice I came over, and speedily found that however useful God might

enable me to be, to fill the place Mr. Dodds had acquired for himself by eighteen months' labour was far beyond my powers. It was not his command of the language, nor even his command of the affairs that astonished me, it was his command of the men, and though in many ways it was hard for me to be set over his own peculiar meetings, in others I found an advantage in it. "Mr. Dodds' friend" had transferred to him some of the homage so willingly given to Mr. Dodds himself. In about two months he returned, and then began the close three years' companionship, which taught me more fully what manner of man he was. We worked absolutely together; had joint charge of several meetings; joint charge of the whole tract and book department; exchanged ideas upon almost every case of apparent conversion that came within our knowledge, and if either were absent, the other unhesitatingly opened his friend's letters. With a humility and docility, for which some at least of his early friends would have hesitated to give him credit, he not only took hints from men younger than himself, but, which is much rarer, openly acknowledged to them his indebtedness, and urged any who were eager to learn from him to follow rather their model. His willingness to be taught was specially noticeable in his management of children's meetings, for which he was not naturally fitted, but where, by sheer hard labour, he ultimately attained to a remarkable proficiency. However busy he might be—and of letters alone he would have every day from twelve to twenty to answer—he never failed to give his immediate attention to any subject I brought before him, and never seemed to grudge the time required for its discussion. I have spoken of his letters—and remember these were never mere business cards; besides these and the editing of tracts, reports, &c., he found time for the management of nine meetings a week, where he was always the principal, and sometimes the only speaker; for an extensive reading in theology, philology, and French Church history; for a systematic visiting of the sick and anxious; and for the exercise of a genial hospitality towards his fellow-workers or chance visitors. All this in addition to the anxiety and pre-occupation which his share in the administration of the work brought daily upon him. What wonder that he frequently had to sit up all night to get through his correspondence, or

that severe headaches would sometimes completely incapacitate him for work !

And from out this whirl of happy duty he has been called away ! As the cart bearing the coffin turned off the dreary moor amid whose purple solitudes he had gathered his death, the sun, all day hidden behind an envious mist, burst forth gloriously ere it set, and flooded with radiance the livid stretch of heathery sand. And dulled though our brother's glory was while he was among us, dulled by the mists of pre-occupation, indifference, jealousy even—dead he rises before us in all the greatness of a faithful servant of Christ. The twelve hundred mourners at the Oratoire, the phalanx of fellow-workers and fellow-pastors who bore him to his grave, the hushed silence that fell upon *salle* after *salle* as the mournful news was announced, all bore witness to the deep and genuine impression which his dauntless witness-bearing had stamped on the Parisian heart. And from his grave in the little Passy cemetery where he sleeps the warrior's hard-earned sleep, the watcher for the dawn of France's Gospel liberty looks out over gay Paris spread beneath his feet, and cries, "O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still !"

C. E. GREIG.

[The following extracts from two of the leading Protestant newspapers of France, *Le Christianisme* and *Le Signal*, will show in what esteem our departed brother was held in the country of his adoption :—]

M. Dodds était allé prendre quelques semaines de repos dans le centre de la France : hélas ! c'est là qu'il a trouvé la mort ! Malgré toutes les précautions pour éviter un tel accident, il fut empoisonné par des champignons. Eloigné de toute habitation, il ne put recevoir que tardivement du secours ; sa femme et sa domestique ont pu être sauvées. Après quelques jours de maladie, il est mort dans la paix des saints. "C'est un soldat qui tombe sur la brèche, disait le médecin catholique appelé à le soigner." Et, lui, il disait : "Durant ces heures, Dieu m'apprend tant de choses." Il laisse avec sa jeune veuve, cinq enfants dont le dernier n'a pas trois mois !

Mais à quoi bon nous attarder à ces chers et cruels souvenirs ?

La foule des auditeurs des réunions M^cAll accourue à l'Oratoire jeudi dernier, la présence des pasteurs de toute dénomination qui se groupaient autour de son vénérable père, beau vieillard blanchi au service de Christ, autour de ses deux fils, conduits par son intime ami M. Greig, autour de M. et de Mme. M^cAll et de leur fidèle collaborateur, M. Rouilly, les larmes qui coulaient sur tous les visages, en disaient plus que toutes les oraisons funèbres.

Et, cependant, qu'elle a été belle cette douloureuse cérémonie.

Après une allocution émouvante et émue de M. Reclin, M. Th. Monod a retracé la belle vie et la fin de celui qui nous pleurons ; M. le Dr. Hitchcock a fait revivre sous nos yeux cette physionomie si sympathique ; M. le Rév. Muir a demandé à Dieu de consoler les affligés et de soutenir M. M^cAll dans cette grande épreuve. Au cimetière, M. Hocart a dit ce que tous éprouvaient : " J'avais peine tout à l'heure, à l'Oratoire à me représenter que le corps qui était là devant moi était celui de notre bien-aimé frère Theophilus Dodds " et il n'a pas eu de peine à montrer quelles leçons il nous lègue.

Après une prière de M. Cook et le chant d'un cantique souvent interrompu par les sanglots, M. Th. Monod s'est exprimé à peu près comme suit : " Saint Jacques dit : Quelqu'un est-il dans l'affliction ? Qu'il prie. Est-il dans la joie ? Qu'il chante des cantiques. Nous sommes affligés de la mort de notre frère : c'est pour cela que nous avons prié. Nous sommes heureux de penser que notre frère est entré dans la paix ; c'est pourquoi nous chantons des cantiques. Il en est de la vie de l'homme comme de ce soleil couchant, qui tout à l'heure va disparaître à l'horizon, mais qui reparaitra demain. . . . "

Ces témoignages ne sont pas les seuls qui aient été rendus à la mémoire de notre frère : nous voudrions pouvoir transcrire ici la notice nécrologique que M. le Rév. Campbell lui a consacrée.

Mais il est d'autres témoins qui ont dû garder le silence et qui auraient beaucoup à dire : ce sont ces âmes qui ont entendu de lui et, après l'avoir entendu, ont reçu dans leur

cœur l'Évangile de la grâce, ce sont ces amis qui ne sont pas encore consolés de la perte immense qu'ils ont faite. Oh ! que leurs prières entourent et soutiennent sa veuve et ses orphelins et que, dans cette heure de tristesse, notre vénéré frère M. McAll sente qu'il n'est pas seul à souffrir de ce deuil qui n'est pas seulement le sien, mais celui de toutes les Eglises évangéliques de France !

Une nouvelle douloureuse autant qu'imprévue, m'atteint dans une tournée de conférences qui me tient éloigné de Paris. Mon ami, mon compagnon d'œuvre et de voyage aux États-Unis—le collaborateur, le lieutenant si dévoué de M. McAll—ce fidèle disciple de Christ, ce Chrétien austère qui avait la trempe des vieux *covenantaires* d'autrefois, Georges-Théophile Dodds est mort ! Il est mort, emporté de la manière la plus soudaine, la plus inattendue, dans un petit village du Cher où il était allé, avec les siens, se reposer pendant quelques jours des fatigues incroyables qu'il supportait si courageusement dans la Mission McAll. Il est mort, empoisonné par des champignons, et le fatal poison a failli emporter aussi sa vaillante femme et leur domestique. Il est mort à 32 ans ! Qui l'eût dit, quand nous franchissons ensemble les vastes espaces du Nouveau-Monde ? Qui l'eût dit quand il présidait nos réunions de Versailles, quand il entonnait, de sa voix sympathique et grave, les cantiques que répétait l'assemblée ? Qui l'eût dit, il y a huit jours ? Il était si fort, si énergique, si plein de vie, ce jeune père de famille qu'entouraient, dans la cercle domestique, comme les rejetons autour d'un jeune chêne, ses quatre petits garçons ? Il est mort ! Et les ouvriers manquent dans le champ sans bornes de la mission évangélique ! Et son vieux père, pasteur en Ecosse, et sa vieille mère sont encore là pour le pleurer ! Que dirons-nous pour les consoler, pour soutenir la compagne fidèle de sa vie ? Que leur dirions-nous surtout s'ils n'avaient pas, s'ils ne connaissaient pas l'Évangile, s'ils n'avaient pas la promesse du Consolateur ?

Bouleversés comme nous le sommes, nous ne saurions rien donner à la mémoire de notre frère, entré dans la gloire de son Maître, le témoignage qu'elle mérite. Mais nous y revien-

drons, s'il plaît à Dieu ! Nous dirons tout ce qu'il y avait,—dans cette enveloppe aujourd'hui déchirée pour laisser passer l'âme immortelle,—de foi, de droiture, de courage, de fermeté, d'abnégation, de dignité morale. Si Dieu nous en donne le temps—car qui peut répondre de l'heure prochaine?—nous retracerons la biographie de notre ami, nous referons l'histoire de cette vie si bien remplie ! Mort, il parlera encore, car sa vie nous lègue beaucoup d'exemples et sa mort beaucoup d'enseignements ! Nous essaierons de les dégager, à la gloire de Celui qu'il a si fidèlement et constamment, jusqu'à sa dernière heure, servi, aimé et fait aimer.

EUG. RÉVEILLAUD.

Mr. Dodds's Last Fragment.

In the month of August last I received a letter from Mr. Dodds, inclosing the following lines, and adding, "Could you revise this if you think it fit to go into the October *Quarterly*?" It refers to a scene in the death-room of one of the recent converts, and is singularly touching as expressive of simple faith in the Lord Jesus; and it is no less touching as prophetic of Mr. Dodds's own departure to be with Christ before the October leaf had fallen:—

"Je crois que quand les feuilles tomberont au mois d'Octobre, je m'en irai."

"Vous ne craignez pas?"

"Non, je m'en irai vers Jesus Christ."

"When chill October comes, and the leaves fall,"

He said to us, "I think I shall go hence."

Then, o'er him bending—"Wilt thou be afraid?"

Heaven's gladness lighted up the weary face—

"No, I shall go to be with Jesus Christ."

He had lain six months on a bed of pain,

Fretful that on him lay God's heavy hand;

He knew not why, dark thoughts and unbelief

Haunting his wakeful spirit, scaring sleep

All the night watches through; so fruitless seemed

Our prayers, and even the living Word of God;

Until one day, the story often told

Of Him who took our place, and died for us

When we were sinners, touched him with new power,

And a glad smile, born of the joy within,
 Passed o'er the wan face. "Never" (so said
 His nurse and faithful friend) "had radiant smile
 Shone on him during these long months like this,"—
 A feeble ray, foretelling endless dawn,
 "When" (so said he to us) "my soul shall ope
 In heaven's eternal glory, with the Lord."

G. T. D.

I give the above as he sent it, making no change save the transposition of a word. Mr. Dodds was fond of turning into verse the little incidents of the Mission and the brief sayings of the converts; and he did it well. His taste for verse, as for music, was very correct, and of a high order. In the midst of work and weariness he wrote down these snatches. This was his last.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Special Appeal.

THE sudden death, under very tragical circumstances, of the Rev. GEORGE THEOPHILUS DODDS, the chief coadjutor of Mr. M^cALL, increases very greatly the present difficulties of the Mission, and Mr. M^cALL, for whom the burden was already too heavy, now feels prostrated by this great loss. Next month the quarterly payments fall due, including rents of numerous Halls, and the exchequer is almost empty. Yet the greatly-extended Mission was never in a more encouraging state, or with more tokens of spiritual blessing.

All the Friends of the Mission are therefore now earnestly entreated to hasten to Mr. M^cAll's relief, and by a Special Contribution to free him and his co-workers from financial anxiety. Much earnest prayer is also requested that the grievous loss which the Mission has sustained may be speedily repaired. In answer to such prayer, it may be found that the heavy stroke which at present seems so disastrous, is overruled for good, both by quickening the present workers, and by bringing many more to help.

At such a crisis it cannot be doubted that Christian friends will make a prompt and liberal response to this Appeal. The Lady Collectors may be expected all and every one to exert themselves even more than before, and others, able and willing, who have not yet been Subscribers or Donors will, it is hoped, now begin to give to an enterprise that has received so many tokens of the Divine blessing.

Mr. JOHN EDWARD DOVEY, C.A., of the Edinburgh Committee, has made a visit to Paris for the purpose of making a careful enquiry into the actual financial requirements of the Mission, and while the estimates for next year are not yet complete, the enquiry shows that for the present year an additional sum of about £1200 will be required to close the accounts.

Contributions will be received in Edinburgh by JOHN BREWIS, Esq., 42 George Street; by ROBERT PIRRIE, Esq., 207 West George Street, Glasgow; and by J. DICKSON DODDS, Esq., 3 India Buildings, Dundee, Hon. Treasurers. In England and in the United States, by the Treasurers and Committees, and other friends of the Mission.

An Example worth following.

One of our most faithful friends, finding it impossible to spend her holidays this year in Paris, resolved to turn them to the profit of the mission notwithstanding. With an energy which only those who have made similar efforts can appreciate, she got up a concert in aid of the mission funds in the little seaside town where she was spending her hard-earned rest, and in this way was enabled, when all expenses had been paid, to send in over £13 to our Treasurer. Our best thanks are due both to our friend, and to those who so kindly and efficiently seconded her, either as performers or as patrons.

United States of America.

The friends of the Mission will be interested in learning that arrangements are in progress for the departure early next spring of an efficient deputation, who will visit the various Auxiliaries of the Union, and arrange otherwise for an extension of the Mission organisation in America. We hope to announce further particulars in the next number of the "Quarterly."

Mr. JOHN BREWIS, C.A., 42 George Street, *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer* of the Edinburgh Auxiliary, acknowledges receipt of subscriptions, from 15th June to 15th September, amounting to £48, 3s. 10d., details of which, together with the District Collection, will be found in the Annual Report issued in October.

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